

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

"I went after Eunice, and tried to persuade her to come back, and she felt so; but it's hard rooting out mother love; it's plumed deep, and spreads wide; so I left her to nature, and troubled myself no more about it, for what was the use? My son, that took a liking to a young English girl, that was one of our sisters; may be you have seen her? We had all seen her and admired her fresh English beauty, and deplored her fate." Well, she was a picture, and speaking after the manner of men, as good as she was handsome. They went off together. I could not much blame them, and I took no steps after them; for what was the use? But come, B—strike up again; play 'Haste to the wedding.' B—played, and our old friend sang or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing tune, and the Shaker nasal chant was ludicrously mingled. B—played all his favorite airs, and said, 'You do love dancing, brother W—' 'Yes, to be sure; "prize him in the cymbals and dances!"

"Oh, but I mean such dances as we have here. Would not you like, brother W—to come over and see us dance?"

"Why, may I should."

On the St. Croix and its tributaries the pines are very extensive, and hundreds of laborers find steady employment, good prices, and ready pay. Above the mouth of the Crow Wing River, on the Mississippi, the pinery extends north for three or four hundred miles; it is one of the most extensive in the world, and the day is not far distant when it will supply the Valley of the Mississippi with building material. The country bordering upon the head waters of this river is strewn with large and beautiful Lakes, which are filled with excellent fish. The white-fish are found in them in great abundance and of a very large size, even larger than those in Lake Superior; Red Lake is over 100 miles in circumference; Leech Lake more than 50, and probably one-fourth part of the country is covered with Lakes of the purest water. The sugar-maple is found in great abundance upon the streams and some of the Lakes, and the land is of the finest quality. So soon as the Indian title is extinguished, thousands of lumbermen will find employment in the north. At the mouth of Crow Wing River there is now a Fort in progress of erection; the site was selected by

territory. Indeed, we are led to believe from reliable information, that the country lying between the Mississippi and Lake Superior is chiefly valuable for its lumber and it may be, mineral resources. For farming purposes it is of but little value being full of swamps, lakes and marshes. The country west of the Mississippi is by far the best portion of Minnesota; but unfortunately the lands all belong to the Indians, and there is no place to which settlers can at present be invited. No time should be lost by the government in obtaining if possible a cession of a portion of these lands. There is a beautiful strip of country lying along the shore of Lake Pepin, owned by the Sioux half-breeds, which would be speedily occupied if thrown open to white settlement. The prosperity of Minnesota demands that every effort be made to induce the owners of these lands to dispose of them to the government.

SALE OF PAINTINGS IN NEW YORK.—The sale of the rare and valuable collection of paintings belonging to M. de la Forest, late French Consul at New York, was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on Monday last. The New York Express says that the sale was well attended and that some of the pictures brought as high as \$100,000. The total sale was \$400,000, but the most valuable portion were to

Rate of Postage.

The following summary of the rates of postage, under the law of March last, has been revised by the Assistant Postmaster of the city of New York:

Letters not exceeding half an ounce, over 300 miles, 5 cents; over 300 miles and 10 cents. Over half an ounce and not exceeding an ounce, double these rates. An fractional excess over an ounce is always counted as an ounce.

Ship letters, delivered where received, 5 cents; if conveyed by mail 2 cents added to the usual postage. On letters deposited in a post-office for ship 1 cent.

Handbills, circulars, and advertisements not exceeding one sheet, unsailed, any distance 3 cents. *prepaid.*

Newspapers sent from the office of publication, not exceeding 190 square inches, under 100 miles, or within the State, 1 cent; over 100 miles, and out of the State 1 1/2 cents. Over 190 square inches, the same rates as pamphlet postage. Transient newspapers the same rates, *prepaid.*

Pamphlets of all descriptions, not exceeding one ounce, 2 1/2 cents a copy; each additional ounce, 1 cent. A fractional excess over an ounce is always counted as an ounce.

of the British Parliament, the President of the United States to the British Government, through Mr. Bancroft, by a note dated to the 20th of November, 1847, to conclude a treaty providing "that British ships could trade from any port in the world to any other port in the world, and vice versa, and, in respect to cargoes and duties, to be like American ships, if reciprocally American ships could in like manner trade from any port in the world to any other port in the world, and vice versa, and to be like British ships, if reciprocally British ships could in like manner trade from any port in the world to any other port in the world, and vice versa."—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

GREAT EATING IN NEW YORK.—The poor of New York will soon have the privilege of basking every day for a very trifling sum, say three cents, in the rays of the sun, and of being warmed by the genial breath of the wind, the originators. It sprang up in this way: A gentleman sent a communication on the subject, providing baths for the poor to the Journal of Commerce, and the latter published it, and the author of the communication as to whether he would himself contribute towards the movement, and he answered that he would furnish ten thousand dollars to carry out the movement, if the other would furnish the balance. The other answered that he would furnish twenty thousand dollars the other twenty was commenced.—*Cor. Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Richmond, (Ky.) Chronicle, is in favor of the Home Extension. It says:—

Now that Kentucky is upon the eve of forming a new Constitution, and giving to her people a new organic law, we desire that the honest and patriotic feelings of the people be fully and properly appreciated by them, that a clause exempting homesteads from execution be embodied in the

the cause of Austria may be desperate in Hungary. Charles Albert, though he could not not Radetzky, has inflicted a great injury upon Italy by compelling the Austrian Government to detach an army of 30,000 from Cinisio to take at the breaking out of the Sardinian war. An army in thus hastening back to Hungary, and the Italian army being thus weakened, is expected to attack on all sides. The country surrounding is in the hands of the Mazzinists. The newspapers of the 14th, furnish positive information of the occupation and important position taken by the Hungarians. The details of this action given in the German papers are to the effect that Windischgratz at the head of his last regiment pressed the progress of the Hungarians in the direction of Comorn. A fierce engagement ensued, with the superior tactics of the Mazzinists prevailing.

□ The Bovesseville, (Texas), Flag, of Comstock, mentions the following rumor: "The city of California emigrants, which crosses a Gulf of California or five weeks since the year for the Paso del Norte, have performed the journey from the Gulf of California to the Gulf of California, except that it is said by the famous guide, Agapio Martinez, who accompanied the party, that the Gulf of California is not a Gulf, but a river." He states, it is said, that the usual water holes on the route were found to be dry, and that himself and another man had to go to the Gulf of California to find water.

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THE EXAMINER.

F. COSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,
Editors.

LOUISVILLE:.....MAY 12, 1849.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, if the Editor is informed of it, and they may be induced to subscribe.

Central and Executive Committee on Emancipation.

W. W. Worsley, Wm. Richardson,
Wm. E. Glover, Dr. Reuben Dawson,
David L. Beatty, Patrick Maxey,
Bland Ballard, W. P. Boone,
Thomas McGrain, Lewis Ruffner,
James Speed, and
Wm. Richardson, Treasurer,
Bland Ballard, Corresponding Secretary.

Emancipation Meeting.

In another column will be found the resolutions adopted at a meeting held in Louisville for the purpose of responding to the proceedings of the Frankfort Convention. Rev. Dr. Young, of Danville, by invitation, addressed the meeting, and for an hour or more, enchaind the attention of the audience.

Familiar and easy in his manner, Dr. Young interests all to whom he speaks, while the strength of his arguments, and the pertinency of his illustrations, render his addresses as convincing as they are interesting. We hope that he will be able to devote much time between this and August to the cause in which his heart is so warmly engaged, and which he advocates with so much ability.

Mr. Fisher's Pamphlet.

We call the attention of our readers to a brief article in another column, in which some of the statements of this famous document are commented upon. The article is in the form of a gentlemanly man's position and opportunities enable him to speak with confidence, while his high character gives great weight to his words.

Mr. Fisher's pamphlet is certainly a very wonderful production. It presents a formidable array of facts illustrative of the condition of society at the North, a condition so deplorable as to touch the compassionate feelings of all readers. A great interest is awakened among those readers.

They yearn to know how the Northern people can exist in the midst of such wretchedness. The facts, so appalling to every humane heart, they are entirely unacquainted with; nor have they the slightest conception of the horrible evils which they are compelled to endure.

Equally wonderful is the position of the pamphlet in regard to the South. It presents a series of facts to show that the Southern people are highly blessed; it draws pictures of social prosperity and happiness, which almost excite the envy of the inhabitants of the miserable States of the North. A reader of the pamphlet starts with eager interest to Southern papers, in the expectation of finding a full confirmation of Mr. Fisher's strong language, and behold instead of outbursts of joy, he meets with willings of sadness. In place of exultation he finds despondency. The Southern people seem to be as unconscious of their happiness as the Northern people are of their wretchedness.

Truly, the pamphlet is a wonderful production, and its author should certainly have a new "professorship" founded for him in some college in Virginia or South Carolina, in which a fair opportunity should be afforded him of teaching aspiring youth the wisdom and wisdom of discovering facts so do exist, and of not seeing such as do exist.

The Non-Slaveholders of Kentucky.

We publish in another column an article addressed to the Non-Slaveholders, an article, which, though all its views may not be admitted to be well founded, will be admitted by all to possess great strength and interest. The writer is evidently a man who thinks for himself and who knows how to give utterance to his thoughts.

The importance of the subject discussed in the article alluded to, viz: the interest of non-slaveholders in the Emancipation question, begins to be felt, and acknowledged. In various quarters we meet with expressions of the right and the duty of non-slaveholders to discuss the great problem, and to take an active part in its solution. This right and duty were presented in a very striking manner to the Frankfort Convention by Rev. R. J. Brackinridge. "You must convince the non-slaveholders that the decision of this question rests with them. 1st. Because they form seven-eighths of the population. 2nd. Because they will be held responsible before God and man for the decision, and the right decision; and, 3rd. Because they are deeply interested in its decision." These are weighty reasons indeed, and when presented to the Convention in strong language and earnest manner they produced a deep and general conviction.

Let us glance at them.

1st. The non-slaveholders should take a part in the decision of the great question—the question of questions of the present day, because they form seven-eighths of the population.

This proposition may be overestimated, but all concede that the non-slaveholders form at least four-fifths of the population of Kentucky. Now we would ask what ground of propriety or of right, this large majority of the citizens of a Commonwealth shall be deprived from taking part in the decision of a question of vital importance to the whole Commonwealth? It would be a strange anomaly in a republican government, a government which makes itself the greatest good of the greatest number, like to rule, that an overwhelming majority, like that of the non-slaveholders of this State, should be required or expected to leave to a small minority, like that of the slaveholders of this State, the settlement of a question involving more than any other subject, the welfare and happiness of both majority and minority, in short, of all citizens. Any such requirement or expectation, to say the least, would be exceedingly anti-republican; and we are very much inclined to believe that the great majority of our fellow-citizens would regard the reasonableness of such a requirement or expectation as seen as a mockery. No State, that we are acquainted with, has such a dearth of minorities as to make the increase or perpetuation of a curse desirable. If then slavery be regarded in

its moral aspects, whether as a curse or a blessing, you must admit that the non-slaveholders, as members of the community, are as much interested in the subject as the slaveholders. Nay, they are more interested, just in proportion as their number is greater. If they are four times as numerous, they have four times as much interest in the matter.

But, perhaps, it may be said that non-slaveholders have no pecuniary interest at stake, and therefore should keep silent. No pecuniary interest at stake! If slavery merely represented a certain amount of capital invested in a certain kind of property, if it were an isolated thing, having no influence beyond itself, there would be reason for the assertion that non-slaveholders have no concern in the matter. But slavery is an isolated thing? Far from it. Every one knows that it reaches and affects all the property, every interest of the Commonwealth. Non-slaveholders, then, as members of the Commonwealth, have as much pecuniary interest involved as slaveholders. Take whatever view you choose of the influence of slavery on the property of a State, and it is easy enough to prove that non-slaveholders are as much interested as slaveholders. Will you say that slavery adds to the wealth of a State; increases the value of its land; develops its resources; fosters manufacturing establishments; extends commerce and renders it profitable; and builds up thriving towns? If such be its effect, then surely the non-slaveholders are interested, directly interested, in the increase and diffusion of slavery, just as much as the slaveholders. As much, do we say? Far more, for four-fifths of the population have evidently more interest in an increase of the wealth of the State than one-fifth.

Will you say that slavery lessens the wealth of a State, diminishes the value of its land, and prevents the development of its resources? If such be the effect of slavery, then surely non-slaveholders are interested, directly interested, in its removal, just as much as slaveholders. Nay, as we said before, they are more, far more interested, for when a whole Commonwealth suffers an injury, that injury must necessarily be greater to four-fifths than to one-fifth of its population.

Thus take what view you will of slavery; consider it in its moral or economical relations; in every view and relation it will be seen that non-slaveholders are as deeply interested as slaveholders in the continuance or cessation of the institution. It is a matter of wonder to us how any man of sense can hazard the assertion that non-slaveholders have no interest in the subject. No interest! Go ask those noble-hearted sons of Kentucky who, within the past few years, have left their dear old home to seek new homes in lands over which slavery has never breathed its blighting breath, whether they had no interest in the continuance or cessation of slavery. Take the men who have gone from a single county, a county which has as strong claims upon the affection of its citizens as any in the State, and which in natural advantages is unsurpassed by any region in the wide world. Bourbons we refer to, ask the men who have left that county, and are now pressing on in the road to wealth and honor and happiness in other States, why they left their native soil? One answer will be given you, and that answer will show very clearly whether non-slaveholders are affected or not by the presence of slavery. It is but a few days since one of the largest slaveholders in Bourbon spoke to us in tones of sadness of the injury done to his county by the constant departure of active, intelligent, high-minded men, the very men to adorn a State and make it prosperous, and who, but for slavery, would cling with fondness to the soil of their birth.

It is an interesting and important consideration that upon the continuance or cessation of the institution will depend the continuance or cessation in this native State. Let this be pronounced that slavery is to be continued or to be removed from Kentucky, and thousands of best citizens will regard it as a decree of emigration, a sentence of exile upon them and their children. If for themselves they care not, yet for their children they do care. They desire for them intellectual advantages equal to the advantages enjoyed by the young in any portion of the Union, and such advantages they know never can be enjoyed while slavery waves its scepter of domination. Slavery without common schools; freedom with common schools, such is the alternative presented to the non-slaveholder. Let him say which he will take.

It is evident, then, we trust to our readers, that non-slaveholders have a great interest in the subject of slavery, an interest sufficiently great, not merely to permit, but to demand that they shall take an active part in the solution of the problem of emancipation. Important as the subject is to them and to the Commonwealth, they will prove recalcitrant to themselves, to the State, to humanity and religion, if they do not determine to reflect calmly yet earnestly, and to act wisely, and justly, but with energy and decision. We would not have class warfare against class, non-slaveholders against slaveholders, as if their interests were antagonistic. There is no antagonism of interests. Freedom will redound to the well-being of all, and we would have all come to the great work as a band of brothers, to whom the happiness and glory of their venerable Mother, the good old Commonwealth of Kentucky, are equally and intimately dear.

Warrent County.

A valued friend thus writes to us from this interesting and influential portion of Kentucky. His heart, it will be seen, is in the cause, and his head too; and both heart and head are such as would do honor to any cause. We thank our friend for his cheering words and for the pledge which he gives us of his deep and enduring interest in the great and good cause.

From the Louisville Courier.

At a meeting of the friends of gradual prospective emancipation at the court house in the city of Louisville, on Thursday, the 3d day of May, 1849, Bland Ballard, Esq., read the proceedings of the emancipation convention, held at Frankfort, on the 25th ultimo, and then introduced to the audience Professor Young, of Danville, who delivered an instructive address. After which, on motion, W. W. Worsley, Esq., was called to the chair, and W. P. Boone, Esq., appointed secretary. When, on motion, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we cordially approve the proceedings of the convention of the friends of emancipation, held at Frankfort, on the 25th ult.

Resolved, That we think Professor Young for his address on the subject of emancipation, and that the secretary be requested to call on the Professor and ask him to address the convention on publication.

On motion, adjourned.

W. W. WORSLEY, Chairman.

W. P. BOONE, Secretary.

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W. W. WORSLEY, Chairman.

W. P. BOONE, Secretary.

Non-slaveholders in the State of the slave States. Joseph Priest and Edward Fisher. Our pro-slavery friends have for many years been in the habit of representing the non-slaveholders on the part of persons residing in the free States, with the domestic institutions of the slave States, as impertinent, presumptuous and abominable. They talked very much as if the influence of the North on subjects of peculiar interest to the South were extremely deleterious. Indeed, they became so suspecting that they seemed to think that nothing good could proceed from a non-slaveholding people. They proceeded to ridiculous lengths in opposition to the influence of the free States, and went so far as to require, before their round about could be pacified, that it should be a penal offence to send by mail an article, or pamphlet, or newspaper, or book, into a slave State in which the least liability to negro slavery should be manifested. All such publications were termed incendiary, and on a certain occasion, the pamphlet postmaster at Charleston, directed by his philanthropic duties, destroyed the dark rods of Carolina, and served them as John Rogers was served at Smithfield, to the great delight of sundry lookers-on, who were warmed, cheered, and vivified by the crackling flames, that circled above the burning heap of abolition logic, pathos, and eloquence.

But circumstances alter men, and well it is for the pro-slavery men they do. Suppose the role of election against "incendiaries" on the subject of slavery emanating from the free States were now rigidly enforced, how would those Apostles among the Gospel, who would those theological Priests be able to consummate the business in which they have embarked with so much philanthropic ardor? And what, too, would a pro-slavery man in Kentucky do without such beneficent conditions? Mr. Priest has done up the divinity of slavery in a style most rare and lucid, while Mr. Fisher has given to its romance a few touches of beauty and grace, which were considered quite beyond the reach of art until the straight-coated professor of ethics and slavery stepped forward and showed himself to be a most dashing advocate of all that is associated with the institution. It is not a little surprising that these two last-born champions of slavery, should consent longer to remain in exile in those cold and cheerless climes, from which people have most loosely excluded the system which blesses with prosperity, virtue, beauty, and grace, every community in which it is permitted to flourish? Mr. Priest, away off in New York, and Mr. Fisher, in the western State of Ohio, prefer to view the patriarchal institution, for which their hearts beat with love, admiration and reverence, from a respectful distance, just as if the institution like Campbell's mountain of "Azurae" required distance to render it enchanting.

They both have a profound veneration for an institution in which there is so much of symmetry and beauty that the interposition of the Divinity was necessary for its establishment, and yet they both, with a perversity quite unacceptable, live alien from its blessings, and suffer its great advantages to be monopolized by others. These gentlemen ought to extend their philanthropy to their neighbors, instead of confining it wholly to us, who are so lucky as to live in a land which sunshine and slavery unite to render more blissful than any other land on the face of this delicious planet. They ought by all means to endeavor to introduce the patriarchal system into the very miserable State of New York and Ohio—States of prodigious magnitude, that are growing larger and poorer every day, simply because the people see fit to deny themselves all participation in the advantages of slavery. If the theological Priest could persuade the people of New York to open their doors to the admittance of all the rambling and Christianity that belong to negro slavery, and if the layman could in like manner prevail on the People of Ohio, to admit slavery and become prosperous and happy, they would certainly reap an immortality of fame on earth, and accomplish an immense amount of good, that is to say, if their doctrines in relation to slavery are true.

As we remarked some time ago, our pro-slavery neighbors seem to have changed their opinions in relation to the influence of Northern men on Southern institutions. They have taken Priest and Fisher to their bosoms, and acknowledge themselves deeply indebted to the adventurous spirit of these benevolent Northerners for their rich disclosures within the provinces of slavery. For more than a century, generations after generations of slaveholders in Virginia felt conscience-stricken on the subject of slavery, fearing that it was an institution devised by the Prince of Darkness for the enslavement of their souls, and unable to discover a line of heaven or a trace of divinity among its deformities. Unluckily, no glowing Priest had then risen who, by their spiritual comfort, could tell them that they were but noting the will of Heaven in subjecting men guilty of the inexpressible sin of a dark complexion to a system of unrelenting bondage. These same Virginia slaveholders, too, were as much in the dark in relation to the social, moral and economical influences of slavery. They sat year after year, groaning under a most weighty delusion, supposing that negro slavery corrupted society and sapped the foundation of the property of those communities in which it was permitted to exist. Henceforth, thanks to the subtle son of Ohio, Mr. Elwood Fisher, the Virginia planter will survey his negro quarters with more complacency, his curses of the institution, like those of Balaam, have melted into blessings on his lips, and he is now able to see, by the solar effulgence which Fisher has shed on the subject, that slavery has made Virginia the most prosperous and virtuous of all the Commonwealths of ancient and modern times, and that people in the Old Dominion have more money in their breeches pockets, more vivid ideas in their craniums, more virtue in their hearts, more intelligence in their social intercourse, more ease and elegance in their manners, to say nothing of more and better doggers, hogs and hominy in their stomachs than any other people. If any Virginian can read Fisher's account of that Commonwealth, without feeling perfectly happy and contented, he must be a very strange and hard-to-please specimen of humanity. If, like the very ingenious Fisher himself, he should run away from the "most successful Commonwealth" the world ever saw, and turn his back on an institution which endows all its proprietors with all manner of blessings, he ought to be caught, fisted on the glazer salt, have his head shaved, and be carried to a lunatic asylum forthwith.

The pro-slavery man has found that some good can come out of the free States, since Priest's book and Fisher's pamphlet have blessed an unhappy world. The ensuing disclosures which these prominent gentlemen have made in the economies and ethics of negro slavery, have greatly refreshed and relieved thousands of minds hitherto afflicted with skepticism. They now rely on Northern men with Southern hearts in their bosoms for support and support against the hosts of emancipation that are marshaling in the slave States against the peculiar institution. Here, in glorious old Kentucky, if we undertake to show that negro slavery is not a divine institution, our pro-slavery friend is very apt to try to upset our logic by fragments which he has picked out of the January volume of Mr. Joseph Priest, All over the State Fisher's pamphlet has been printed and distributed, and every pro-slavery

man very glibly pronounces the rhapodies of that pamphlet, and fancies that when he has done so he is a victor in the arena. A sentence from Priest or Fisher is as provocative to a pro-slavery man as a text from the Koran or an anathema to a genuine Mussulman.

Under such circumstances, it cannot be expected that our pro-slavery friends will longer continue to anathematize the North. They begin to perceive that their best friends reside in that section. Henceforth they will be more ready to welcome whatever proceeds from the North. Suppose the doctrine of non-intercourse with the free States, now insisted on by many persons in South Carolina, were decided on and carried into effect, future Priest's and Fisher's would live in vain, and their glorious light would be swallowed up by the darkness which would surround them. We think that those who live in South Carolina, and in other States in which non-intercourse with the North has been proposed as a remedy against all such incendiary influences which proceed from that section, and who are opposed to any such Chimeric-like restriction on the circulation of ideas, and other commodities may very safely rely on the potency of the argument drawn from the benign efforts of Priest and Fisher. Had non-intercourse been declared a year ago, the theology of the one and the logic and poetry of the other would have been lost to the Southern advocates of slavery, and without such aids, the pro-slavery man would certainly have been unable, successfully, to meet the arguments of the Emancipationists in the slave States. For the many services rendered by Fisher and Priest, we would suggest whether the pro-slavery men in Kentucky ought not to present, each of their Northern allies with a very likely negro boy in the field of human bondage, which may be to taste of some of those luxurious delights which are peculiar to the proprietors of slaves.

Emancipation.

We learn that an interesting discussion on emancipation was lately held at Monticello, Wayne Co. We have not at all particulars as we could wish, but we present such as we have been able to gather.

On the 23d ult., a large number of the citizens of Wayne had assembled to attend the session of the Circuit Court, and to listen to the addresses of the candidates for Congress and the Convention. After the candidates had spoken, at the request of many citizens, J. T. Boyle, Esq., addressed the people on the subject of emancipation. He spoke for an hour and a half to a very large and attentive audience, and made a decided impression in favor of the cause. When he concluded, Sherrod Williams Esq., now at Louisville, though formerly a resident in Wayne Co., addressed the people in reply. He related, we understand, and Mr. Boyle charged upon him, the wonderful arguments and more wonderful statistics of the famous Mr. Fisher of Ohio, now celebrated as a defender of slavery, once celebrated as so thorough a hater of slavery as to be unwilling to have his hat lined with cotton, the produce of slave-labor. Mr. Williams spoke for an hour and a half, and Mr. Boyle replied to him in a speech of about the same length. An abridgement of the interesting address, we are told that although it had grown late in the evening, a large audience was retained through the discussion.

A friend in Monticello writes to us that the cause of emancipation has lost nothing in Wayne County from this discussion, but has evidently gained much. He believes that the cause is rapidly advancing there, and that a majority of the people of the County are determined Emancipationists. This, he says, is the opinion of many of the best informed men in the county on the subject. Many slaveholders, and some of the largest slaveholders of the county, have expressed the cause with all their heart, and are now advocating it privately and publicly. An emancipation candidate will be run, and with a good probability of being elected.

The feeling in favor of emancipation is not confined to Wayne County, but extends to the counties South of it on the Cumberland, river, Clatsop, Cumberland, Russell, &c. In Pulaski county the cause has many decided and influential friends, and we are told that, unless the present candidates in that county, pledge themselves to favor a candidate in the new Constitution prohibiting importation of slaves into the State, and leave the Constitution open for amendment on the subject of slavery, the Emancipationists will run a candidate, and with every prospect of success. Let the discussion go on. Give light to the people and all will be well.

Northwestern, Ky., May 1, 1849.

To the Editors of the Examiner.

Consider me a subscriber until we have faithfully tried the experiment of redeeming this State from the malignant curse of slavery. If we fail in that, and your paper does not perish in the attempt, I shall still deem to be a reader of its instructive columns. It has been said with much truth, that revolutions are seldom or never arrested in their progress until the ultimatum is attained for which they were set on foot, although by reaction they may again be lost. But how can this glorious enterprise be arrested, now that it has obtained so strong a hold upon the affections and interests of the people of Kentucky, or its fruits ever be turned to bitterness and disappointment after they are within our grasp? No such result, I think, can happen. The good effects once being felt and seen, will be a guarantee against any reaction in favor of slavery; in all time to come in Kentucky. I gave it to you as my opinion many months since, that there was a strong under-current against slavery in this section of country. I am happy now to be able to add most positively, that that current has broken out into a flood-tide, which may be said to be bearing down everything before it. Hundreds who once spoke in whispers, as though afraid to cross the vindictive and bitter spirit of the slave-laborer, now speak in tones of conscious independence and manly firmness. This change of irresolution to boldness, is no doubt, in part owing to the fact, that after a course of noise, the Emancipationists were found to be in a majority. Some of our strongest and most influential friends are slave-owners. It is common to accord more credit to this class of Emancipationists than to non-slaveholders, but I think without much justice, since such persons are not only not in any danger of losing the value of their slaves in whole or in part, but owing to their wealth, will be the recipients of the greater benefits, by being in a position to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the new state of things.

We have not decided to run an Emancipation candidate for the Convention in this county, though there are many who desire to do so. We have a candidate out for the county whose opinions are not altogether unacceptable. Although a strong pro-slavery man, he is in favor of a clause in the constitution admitting of apportionment by the people and the legislature, and in willing that this question shall be submitted to the people as an isolated one. The action of the last Legislature has done wonders for our cause. Their friendship could not have done us more.

When the gods would destroy they first make mad, was an ancient opinion, and the reason and folly of this mob of political wise-

acres would justify the opinion that the gods had been at work upon them preparatory to the work of destruction to themselves and their friends, which they so effectually accomplished during a few days of madness last winter. We think the gods for thus coming to our aid, even though it be in a shape of questionable equity and morality. The end may justify the means in this case, if in any. If God be the enemy of injustice and inhumanity, then it may be said without a figure of speech that He is with us in this contest, and that we shall conquer.

Yours, with much respect,

For the Examiner.

To the Non-Slaveholders in Kentucky.

One of your class, identified with you in feeling, in interests, and in sympathies, would address you most seriously and earnestly, on subjects of most vital importance to your welfare and happiness.

Slavery unfortunately exists in Kentucky. The labor of every slave in it, is superfluous, and is a substitute for the labor of a free white man. If there were no slaves in the State, the field of labor would be entirely open and exclusively occupied by free white men.

Shall the number of slaves already here be indefinitely augmented by importations of slaves from other States? Shall the institution of slavery itself be perpetuated? These are grave and solemn questions, now agitating the Commonwealth, and deeply, far more deeply, affecting your happiness and prosperity than that of any other part of the community.

There are two objects which the violent and ultra friends of slavery are seeking by their measures to accomplish. One is to exclude us, to banish and exile us, from the State; and the other is to keep us and our posterity out of the State forever, by the multiplication of slaves and the perpetuation of slavery.

In 1833 the Legislature passed a law to prevent the further importation, into Kentucky, of slaves from other States. Every year thereafter the law was violently assailed by the ultra friends of slavery, but every year their assaults upon it were successfully resisted, until the last session of the Legislature. The law was last amended admirably for all but the avowed slaveholder, and slave-trader. It checked the increase of slaves—it diminished the evil of slavery—it encouraged hopes that the day might come when none but the race of free whites would be found on the soil of Kentucky. It was the bow of promise to our class. But this auspicious condition of the country did not satisfy the slaveholder and slave-trader. One might have supposed that one hundred and ninety thousand slaves, now in the State, ought to have satisfied them. In the name of humanity is that not enough? Not so, thought the cupidity and avarice of the ultra slaveholder and the detestable traffickers in slaves. They cried out for more slaves, more slaves; fewer free white laborers; and in an evil hour the Legislature yielded to their claims and their dictation. It modified the law of 1833—it again threw wide open the door for the admission of slaves from the whole extent of the slave States, from Delaware to Texas! It created a frightful crevasse, threatening this State with an inundation of slaves far more direful and devastating in its consequences than the most terrible crevasse of the Mississippi river! And for whose benefit, and for what purpose?

Whatever may have been the motive, there can be no mistake as to the effect. That effect will be most disastrous upon all non-slaveholders, or, if it be not speedily checked. Every slave introduced from other States takes the place and drives out a free white man. He enters into competition with you, takes the bread out of the mouths of your wives and children, and forces, by the prospect of starvation, some free man to quit the Commonwealth. Nothing can be more certain, nothing more inevitable, more arrogant, and ultra slaveholder's policy is to cover all our beautiful fields, and to fill all our hamlets with the black race of Africa. He would make a white laborer as rare as a white crow. Traders in live stock to the South will bring in exchange a countless number of slaves. Already we hear of agencies dispatched to the South to purchase more slaves for bagging factories, now in operation, or to establish new ones in contemplation. The slave-trader will have his depots throughout the State, his dark and gloomy prisons, resembling the horrible penitentiaries in which natives of Africa are torn from their country, and after supplying the market of Kentucky with slaves, the residue will be sent off to other markets at the South. Kentucky will occupy the degrading and ignominious position of being the great entrepot of the vilest trade that ever sullied the Commerce of the world. Thus the proud and avaricious slaveholder, co-operating with the rapacious slave-trader, will fill all the departments of human industry in the State, and expel from its bosom nearly the whole of our class.

But this will have accomplished only one-half of the atrocious policy on which I am animating. Having banished us from the State, the next effect of this policy is to keep our class perpetually out of it. Thus they aim to do by perniciously resisting every scheme of gradual emancipation, however remote, and however lightly it touches them. It has been proposed gradually to emancipate slaves here after a distant day, to colonize them, and thus, ultimately separating the two races, to leave Kentucky to the exclusive possession of the white. No one has proposed to touch any slave in being, or any that may be born before the commencement of the system. All vested and subsisting rights would be left unaffected. But this does not satisfy the capidity of the friends of perpetual slavery. They are not content to enjoy their rights to all slaves in being, and to all who may be born before ten years hence. They are not content with the privilege of selling, in the meantime, unincumbered by future emancipation, any or all their slaves. They bound forward ten, twenty years, and calculating upon the contingent birth of children of female slaves, that they possibly then, occur, they undertake to estimate the value of this distant and possible offspring, and complain of the great loss which they assert they will sustain. What a revolting process is that of estimating the value of unborn issue!

Thus, fellow non-slaveholders, by the joint operation of the modification of the act of 1833 and the perpetuation of slavery, it is attempted, at present, to exile us from this State, and to exclude our class perpetually from any return to it. Shall we submit to this? Shall we, like base and degraded slaves, themselves, submit to the doom which awaits us, without opposition, without struggle? I believe and I say, no.

The remedy is in our own hands. A peaceful, legitimate, and constitutional remedy. We compose four-fifths of the voters of the State—we have nothing to do but like fearless and independent freemen go to the polls, assert our privileges and exercise the elective franchise for our own salvation and preservation. And who of us is so base, so lost to all self-respect, so indifferent to the fate of wife and children, as not to make a manly and successful effort to save them from banishment or starvation? There are hundreds of humane and enlightened slaveholders that espouse our cause and are ready and willing to act with us. Gratitude to them should animate our bosoms and impel us to energetic union with them. Shall we allow the petty and arrogant ultra slaveholder and his ally the negro-trader to brow-beat them and us, and to ride rough-shod over us all?

You will be threatened and reviled. They will tell you that they will withhold their custom from you, cease to patronize you and give you no employment. They will boast out of fits of extravagant passion and violence. They will charge you with being abolitionists. Be not alarmed or dismayed by their threats, their violence, or their revilings. Act like freemen, who, knowing, dare, at all hazards, to maintain their rights.

There is far greater affinity between the Northern Abolitionists and the ultra friends of slavery and slave trading than there is between the Abolitionist of the North, and the Kentucky emancipationist. Extremes often unite in their measures, however they may differ in their professed principles. Both of those parties unite in bitter denunciations of gradual emancipation in Kentucky. It would be difficult to decide which displays the most bitterness. Both are opposed to colonization of blacks. The Northern Abolitionist goes for the immediate freedom of all the slaves in the United States, and insists upon their remaining in this country, competing as they would with us for labor. The other party goes also, for retaining all slaves in the United States, but holding them in perpetual bondage, and for increasing and perpetuating slavery, to the banishment, as I have shown, of white labor.

The emancipationists of Kentucky would do nothing rash, precipitate or unjust. They are opposed to slaves, when once freed, abiding in the State. They go for a slow and gradual but ultimately certain process of ridding the State of the black race. They wish the white race alone to cultivate, and exclusively to occupy this favored land. They want to lift up our class from the degradation, into which the proximity of slavery has cast it, and to make white labor and white laborers esteemed, respected, and honored.

You will be assailed, not only by intimidation and revilings, but by both the parties of Whigs and Democrats with flattery. They will both woo and wheedle you, if they can. Your former party ties, prejudices and animosities will be appealed to. Fellow non-slaveholders, burst the vile bonds of party connection. Act for your own interests and those of your class. Of what avail to you would be the triumphs of Whigs or Democrats, if their triumphs would lead to your ruin, your exile from the State. Would their triumphs be a bread to your wives and children? Behold the course of leaders of these parties. They are seeking to form an infamous, hollow, heartless coalition, to fasten forever the chains of slavery on the black race, and to send beyond the confines of the State, the white laborer. The lion and the lamb are lying down together. You have heard of the double-headed monster meeting recently held at Lexington. A meeting with two Chairmen, two sets of Committees, two sets of Orators, with hatred burning in their hearts, and conciliation on their deceitful lips.

Each of the two parties is desirous of retaining or gaining the ascendancy in the political contest on Federal politics in the State. Each is jealous of the other. Each fears some advantage may be obtained by its adversary. Hence the spectacle is exhibited of leaders in both parties, who have long and often avowed their opposition to slavery, and their desire to see some scheme of gradual emancipation established, abandoning all their former convictions, lingering together to uphold, or even the imitation of slavery.

Will you allow yourselves to be the dupes, the base instruments, of such an unnatural and extraordinary combination. Perpetual slavery, and perpetual exclusion of our class from the State are the fatal consequences! And after they have used you, they will mock, deride, laugh at you. They would see long trains of our class, young and old, women and children, on their way to the coast, to be sold as slaves in the pursuit of slaveholders of blood, without a single emotion of sympathy or regret. They would rejoice in our departure as the consummation of their policy.

I have addressed you in language not strong or than the emergency demands. The crisis is awful, involving our own destiny, and that of our children's children. Native Kentuckians, natives of other States, Irishmen, Germans, all who earn their bread, by the sweat of their brow, ponder, think, reflect on what I have said. If you agree with me as to the impending danger, resolve like men to set, vindicate your rights and assert your privileges. You have the power and the remedy, beyond all doubt, in your own hands. Hold public meetings of our class. A good example in this respect has been presented to you in this city of Louisville. Where you cannot meet in large assemblies, convene in smaller circles, converse and interchange sentiments together. Why should you not hold a Convention at Frankfort? Who have a greater right to do so?

Finally, when the day of decisive action arrives in August, proceed to the polls, unawakened, unguided, and bestow your suffrages on the side of Labor and Liberty. Such is the firm and unalterable determination of my friend and associate.

BROAD AXE.

Answer.

From a man in Boston to a native of Virginia, who had sent him a copy of Mr. Elwood Fisher's lecture on "North and South," delivered at Cincinnati, Jan. 16, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—I believe it was Sir Robert Peel who said in the House of Commons that, while members reminded him that facts and figures "cannot lie," he desired nothing but facts and figures to prove the most absurd contradictions, if he might be allowed to use them in his own way.

I return Mr. Fisher's lecture, which certainly presents an extraordinary array of facts; but his inferences from these facts constituting the argument. One instance may serve to show how he sustains it. It is one of which you can judge, while here.

Fact 1: 57,000 young women in Massachusetts between 17 and 23 years.

Fact 2: 50,000 young women in Massachusetts in factories.

Inference.—Seven-eighths of the young women in Massachusetts departed from "love and courtship—plumage and home—hope and society, &c., and confined thirteen hours a day in heated rooms, confined to a space five feet square &c., &c."

Now, there is another fact which might affect his inference. At Lowell, where about one-fifth of these young women are employed, it is found that less than one-half belong to this State. The others come from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, and Ireland. Probably something like this is true elsewhere.

Mr. Fisher would, no doubt, say: "What then? they were all included in the 57,000 to make up that class of inhabitants?" What then?—why, this—Mr. Fisher had just before made it out to his own satisfaction, that there is a fearful disproportion between male and female in Massachusetts, as compared with Virginia; from which he infers that "thousands of young men" are sent away to "encounter the hardships of the West"—and "multitudes of others die by disipation" in our cities. But if the apparently undue preponderance of females arises from the temporary emigration of male young women who come from abroad, then there is not such a fearful disproportion between the sexes; "the laws of nature are not," as he says, "violated by a separation of sexes," the "hardships at the West," and the "deaths by disipation," are not needed to account for the

statistics, and are not to be inferred from them; and Massachusetts is not plunged into such a desperate state as he depicts.

While you are here, you can learn, probably, whether it is likely to be true that seven in eight of our young women are in factories. You may hear some petulant house-keeper exclaim, perhaps, that she "can get no domestic factories!" But a little observation will satisfy you that it is not so in truth, although those who seek their own support from home prefer work in factories to domestic service.

If you will enquire, too, in our manufacturing towns, you will probably be satisfied that instead of thirteen hours work a day, ten hours, on an average, is nearly the truth, spare hands being prepared to admit of leave of absence on all proper occasions; and that the average residence of young women there is less than four years, during which time they enjoy as much leisure as is good for them, and retire well provided.

Whatever effect Mr. Fisher may produce at the North, I think he will not convince the South. For, though he furnishes weapons to slaveholders which they may find convenient in argument, I know some who will laugh in their sleeves if they ever use them.

I remain, &c.

Important to Emigrants—Public Lands in Iowa.

From a tabular document emanating from the General Land Office, and published by order of Congress, we learn that the quantity of public land sold in Iowa, up to 1st January, 1849, was

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The World is full of Beauty.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft sighings win me
To tears and to a sighing
Dew from my soul it brings,
Like hidden melody,
And ever more it sings,
This song of love to me—
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we do our duty,
It might be full of love!"

When plenty's round us smiling,
Why waste this cry for bread?
Why are we thus in mourning,
Grown—grown in rags—unfed?
The sunny hills and valleys
Blaze with fruit and grain,
But the lordling in the palace
Still robs his fellow-men.
O God! what hosts are trampled
Amid this press for gold?
What noble hearts are supped of life,
What spirits lose their hold!

And yet upon this God-blessed earth
There's room for every one;
Ungrudging food still ripens,
To waste, rot in the sun.
If gold were not an idol,
We would not have merit worth,
Oh, there would be a bridal
Betwixt heaven and earth!
We would not have our utter'd language
Angels might talk with men,
And God himself might smile,
The golden age again.

For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea—
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of love to me:
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we do our duty,
It might be full of love!"

From Chambers' Journal.

The Captain's Story.

A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

In the neighborhood of the Haymarket, London, there are several minor chess, whist, and gossip clubs, held principally at cafes, in an apartment which, for club evenings, is sacred to the members, consisting chiefly of supernumerary clerks, actors and other professional mediocrities, with a sprinkling of substantial, steady tradesmen. In one of these modest gatherings Captain Smith, an extremely communicative and anecdotal gentleman, may occasionally be met with, surrounded by an attentive circle of admiring friends, listening, with all their ears, to one of the many marvelous adventures it has been his lot to encounter during a wandering and varied life. He is not a frequent visitor; his tastes inclining him to scenes of more boisterous conviviality than cigars and coffee, with a seasoning of theatrical and political gossip, can afford or supply; and he accordingly uses those, to him hum-drum assemblies, only as resting or halting-places between more exciting orgies; valuable chiefly for affording him listeners, much more easily amused and astonished than men of larger life-adventure and experience. He is, however, a real captain, and I fancy something of a hero too, in the conventional use of the term, as he seems to have very different, and, I believe, much truer notions of war and glory, than gentlemen who shout about "bright swords," and dilate with periphrastic unction of "red battle-fields." A little active man is he, and stiff as a ramrod within. His harsh stubble hair is brushed in one particular direction with parade precision; and his high bald forehead, when in convivial mood, glistens as brightly as his sharp grey eyes; which, one can see with half a eye, have been wide open all his life. He rose, it is understood, though he never mentions it himself—perhaps from a feeling of modesty, a quality, albeit, in which, like most field heroes, he is somewhat deficient—from the ranks.—From his perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue, (he passed his youth at Gibraltar, with occasional trips to the Spanish coast with his father, who turned an honest penny in the smuggling line,) he was frequently employed during the Peninsular war by the British commanders in the very necessary, but extremely ticklish duty of making himself personally acquainted with the state of the French camps and fortresses—in other words as a spy; an exceedingly uncomfortable office for any gentleman troubled with "nerves." Captain Smith frequently thanks God that he never had any to his knowledge, in his life; no more—he sometimes says, after reading the debates—no more than a member of parliament.

Thus much premised, suppose we step in for a minute, and make his acquaintance. That is the captain with his back to the fire. The gentleman who has just handed him a cigar, and is addressing such martial queries to the old campaigner, is a neighboring haberdasher. Just before we entered, he inquired, as is his nightly wont, if the waiter was sure the clock was quite right. He is always a little nervous about the time, as his spouse is apt to be unpleasantly lively for a lady of her colloquial and other powers, if he is not at home at half-past ten precisely. He loves peace "at home," as much as he seems to delight in war "abroad," and is consequently extremely punctual. But see, Tape is tapping the captain again. The veteran cannot fail to flow forth presently; at first, perhaps, a little jerkily—glug, glug, glug—but after a little coaxing, in the freest, easiest style imaginable.

A splendid march, Captain Smith, that of Wellington upon Ciudad Rodrigo? "Stoopy, Mr. Tape, stoopy; nothing but mud, and snow, and slush. Winter-time; I remember it well, replied Captain Smith. "Beautiful account Napier gives of it," rejoined the martial Tape. "Wellington," he says, "jumped on the devoted fortress with both feet!"

"Does Napier say that?" demanded the veteran, knocking the consumed ashes off the end of his cigar on the mantelpiece. "Does Napier say that?" "Yes indeed he does," replied the captain. "Then Napier tells us that—," replied the martial Tape. "The lightest, longest-legged of the 'Light Bobs' couldn't have done it, much less the duke. The duke's short in the legs—sets his in the middle, though—long body, dumpy legs. Could no more do it than he could fly; didn't try either. All a sham!"

Mr. Tape explained that the jumping was metaphorical; and, after a time, Captain Smith seemed to have acquired a misty notion of what was meant. Still it was, he said, a very bad way of writing "history," which species of composition should, he emphatically observed, be all facts, and no mistakes.

"The retreat from Burgos was a masterly affair," persisted warrior Tape; "masterly indeed—uncommon!" "I dare say it was; and as you seem to admire it so much, I wish you had been one of the 'pretence' under the master, just to see how it was done, and how agreeable

stomach, I suggested that we should first dine, and then perhaps I might hit upon something for poor Pedro's benefit. Marietta agreed with me; and we had, considering that her husband and my dearest friend was to be shot the day after the next, a very nice, comfortable dinner indeed—very—and some capital wine afterwards; and then, gentlemen, the father of mischief, or the wine, or Marietta's black eyes, I don't know which, perhaps all together, induced me to make as spoony a proposal as ever fell from the lips of a green cockney.

"There are clever, sensible men in the city," interjected Tape, as the captain paused an instant to supply himself with a fresh cigar. "Perhaps so, Mr. Tape, but those gentlemen seldom volunteer into the army, I believe. I know," said the veteran, continuing his narrative, "that I might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone, and expect it to get up and turn partners, as ask the general in command of the division about forty miles off to rescue Pedro from the grasp of the Spanish authorities. The British general never meddled with the administration of Spanish justice under any pretence whatever; but I also knew that if he received a message stating that I was in danger, he was bound by general orders to afford me every assistance in his power." "Marietta," said I at last—the wine must have been unusually strong—I have hit upon it. We'll save Pedro yet, in spite of them all!" The pretty creature jumped up, clasped her hands, and sobbing, laughing and talking, all in a breath, exclaimed, "Dear Ingles, I knew you would!" "You, Marietta," said I, as soon as she was sufficiently calm to listen, go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado spy, Henriquez Bajol, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent to denounce me, 'You, Henriquez,' said she, staring bewilderedly. "Never you mind," I replied. "A note to General Picot—I'll write it at once—I will soon get me out of their clutches, whoever I am." I wrote the note and gave it to her. "Now mind, Marietta," said I, solemnly, "that Pedro sets off with me to-morrow night, and the general on foot?" "By to-morrow night," she answered. "Very well, and now then about it at once." She was off in a twinkling, and I was at leisure to reflect on what I had done. To tell the truth, I did not, after a few minutes' quiet cogitation, feel excessively comfortable.

"They would be certain to believe the story," Henriquez being, I was sure, known to none of them personally. I was a precious deal more like a Spaniard than an Englishman; and I spoke the language so well—so well—altogether grammatically, it is true, but so like a native of the south of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to deceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure but short work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the general's help might per chance arrive too late! However, I was in for it; and so, taking another glass of wine, and re-filling my pipe—there's great philosophy in a pipe, we all know—I awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could.

"It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into it they thrust me like a dog; and there, where I could recover breath and speech, greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only promised to release him, and, of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most constipated man that ever brooded or bayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a double holiday.

"Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was not much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind to suffer a little. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the General with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking; so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed, there was chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some cigars of the jailer, an old acquaintance of his; they were his first rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded foreigners, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!"

"No doubt of it," said Tape, looking nervously at the clock; "but do get on, captain; don't stop, don't!" "I will not, Tape; but next day you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerrilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outposts, and that they verily believed me to be no other than the infamous Henriquez. Vainly I protested, finding the thing was getting much too serious, that I was an English officer; my assertions were laughed at, and I was reconveyed to my dungeon, after having heard myself sentenced to be shot at the same hour which was to see the last of Pedro. Mr. Tape, please to touch the bells. I'll take another cup; for my tongue always feels dry and hot when I come to this part of the story."

"Mr. Tape did as he was desired, quickly, and bade the waiter who answered the summons 'jump about.' The anxious haberdasher had but just three minutes to spare. "That, gentlemen," continued the captain, "was a very uncomfortable night. I was never, from a child, particularly fond of water drinking; but I remember crawling off the straw many times during the night, and almost emptying both pitchers. At ten o'clock we were to suffer, to be shot to death by half a dozen rusty muskets. I was dreadfully aggravating! Day dawned at last; six, seven, eight, nine, ten o'clock tinkled through the jail; the door opened, and in stalked Ramez and the alcalde, followed by the rusty shooting-party. We were politely informed that 'time was up,' and that we must both come to the scaffold at once, as the spectators didn't like to be kept waiting. They then kindly pinioned us, and away we marched. You never, perhaps, walked in your own funeral procession, Tape, did you?"

"Lord, Captain Smith, how can you ask such a horrid question!" "Well, if you ever should, you'll remember, that's all. Seeing King Lear is nothing to it, though that's reckoning pretty deep. On we marched, the priests praying, the bells tolling, and the infernal musketry eying us as if to make up their minds exactly where to have the pleasure of hitting us. One scoundrel, with a short, ugly snarl, and an apology of a nose, meant, I could see, to send his bullet through my Roman. Altogether, it was the most disagreeable walk I ever took in my life. We soon arrived at the place of sacrifice, and were ordered to kneel down. 'Pedro,' said I, 'that fellow of a wife of yours has played us a sweet trick; but perhaps she'll arrive in time, if she comes at all, to return thanks for all the good things we are about to receive; and that's a consolation any way.' I then took another look in the direction in which the expected succor ought to appear, when I saw, and tried to rub my eyes, when I saw, to make sure I saw, but couldn't, a horseman on the summit of the hill; it was Marietta! I roared out like a raging bull, and Pedro gave chorus. As soon as Marietta caught sight of what was going on, she curbed her horse sharply back, and beckoned with eager gestures over the hill. A minute afterwards the bridge was crowned by half a regiment of British dragoons. The instant they saw us, they gave one loud cheer, and came on like a whirlwind."

"A narrow escape, Smith!" said the commanding officer. "But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighborhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant. I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the soonest mended. If the general, thought I, were informed why he had been put to this trouble and risk, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. 'Who is this?' said the officer, pointing to Pedro, who, though he had hallooed lustily, was by no means out of the wood. 'One of ours,' I boldly replied. 'Then mount, my good fellow, at once,' replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the gesture, though he didn't the language; and giving Marietta, who had unpinioned him, one hug, was in the saddle in a jiffy. 'Out of the way,' cried the commanding officer to the alcalde, who, instigated by Ramez, was approaching to claim Pedro at least as lawful prize. 'Out of the way, fellow!' and he struck him sharply with the flat of his sword. The frightened frightened tumbled out of our path; the bugle sounded, and we were off, safe, sound, and merry."

"Bravo!—Hurra!—Hurra!" resounded in irregular chorus through the room. Tape was off like a shot; the unfortunate man was full seven minutes behind his time. "Gentlemen," said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, "do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Every thing, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this: Never, under any circumstances, assume to be what you are not; for if shot or hanged in a wrong character, you will never be able to amend the 'errors of description.'"

a tall grenadier, led between two bluff tars to the hospital, moving at the pace of an infant, death in his features, the cheek bones sticking out sharply from his face, the clear eye, the whispering hollow voice. "Wounded, my good man! you are in pain!" "No, no, only weak, weak." The horrible fever that attenuates life by inches was on him. Hundreds were taken in this way to the barracks and hospitals until the buildings were crammed, and thence to the grave. All who had spare beds gave them up to officers, many of whom were not in a much better state than the men. The best looked as they had been clad out of a second-hand shop. I allude more particularly to the infantry, the cavalry had been previously embarked. There was great confusion at the embarkation, though all were safely got off. A naval lieutenant, whom I knew, commanded in the boats upon this service, going backwards and forwards from the ships to the shore. He told me that he had scarcely two men of the same regiment in his boat at one time. The embarkation of the wounded was very painful. Men at their last gasp imploring not to be left behind, while every movement in conveying them caused intense suffering. The masters of several of the transports got frightened in consequence of the French firing a few shots at them from some field pieces and ran aground, or there would not have been the slightest loss. One of the line of battle ships turning her broadside towards the French and giving them a few of her heavy shots, sent them off at a full trot. I saw two or three rifles of the 95th regiment without owners, of which my friend took care; the men were probably in some other vessel. "Come, my men, get in, we shall quickly return for more of you," was lost upon them. It was needless to shove off per force when full. Vigorously did Jack work to save the "lobster backs," as he called them in those days, and most kindly did he divide his allowance of food with them. I had a room at an inn. The innkeeper came to me and asked part of it for an officer, at once ushering him in. That officer was the present Sir Edward Kerrison, K.B., who, I recollect, had a broken arm. Death, in spite of every attention, laid numbers low, for disease in war commits ravages as great as the sword. This reminds me not to pass unmentioned a short-lived acquaintance which I made with a gallant man, Governor McCarthy, because of his most melancholy end, now a matter of history. He had not been in England for twenty years, had been Governor of Honduras, and had come home for a short time on his way to Sierra Leone, where he had also been just appointed Governor. He had been the survivor of thousands of British soldiers who had died of fever in the West Indies, and was by this time perfectly acclimated. He was a strong, bulky man, above six feet high. I expressed my fears that he might find the African fever more formidable than that of the West Indies. He said he was seasoned; he had passed his better years in the midst of pestilence; "and you too, Major Kavanaugh," he said, addressing the officer, who had just introduced him to me, "you saw enough of fever horrors at St. Domingo and Port Royal, when we lost 500 men on one fortnight." "Yes," replied the major, "I lived through it all. I kept drunk, or at least was never sober, or I should have died of the sight; this kept off the fever." "Aye," said McCarthy, "I have never been home till now, and you have had time to become a strong and sober man again." Unfortunately, poor McCarthy, to whom the dreadful African fever that destroyed so many governors of Sierra Leone in succession did no harm, led an attack principally of black troops, against the King of Ashantee. His black troops fled, and the Governor was killed. They cut his head off, and carried it away as a trophy.

Among the novelists prior to the avator of Scott, whom I have not already recalled to recollection, was Bane, the author of "Hermesprong, or man as he is not." He had written "Man as he is," and several other ingenious works, but I forget their titles. He died, I believe, about the time that the *Edinburgh Review* started, and though at the age generally given as the utmost allotment of human life, he wrote his best works last. Some of his novels were republished by Scott in "Ballantyne's Library." He was far superior to the common run of novelists, who seek only to amuse, it matters not how. He endeavored to inculcate certain religious and political opinions with no small ability. Two of his works were the "Pair Syrian," and "Barham Downs." His writing possesses great originality of manner, but I remember only "Hermesprong," and that afforded me great pleasure.

I was in company with Coleridge but once or twice. My opinion was, and is, that his abilities were superior to any other individual of the Lake school, but that he idly gave up all, for the most evanescent of qualifications that "foolishness of talking," for which he grew famous, to gratify his self-love. The "Genevieve" of Coleridge is worth, to my seeming, all that Southey ever wrote of poetry, throwing Lamb down the scale. I remember Coleridge laid down a law for reviewers. He insisted that they should never know more of an author than the work before them told. He was answered, then, by Bill Soames picked pockets, and published a treatise on honesty and the deadly sin of priggish handkerchiefs, the book was to be reviewed as the work of an honest man. It was an excellent mode to cover the principles of turncoats, and suffer lapses in honesty of profession to go scot-free. Coleridge insisted upon his argument being the sound side of the question, as it appeared, and it never lost its hold upon my mind. His "Ode to the Departed Year" also is among my early remembrances. There appeared in this author's or talker's mind to be a little of everything amplified. Start what subject you might, Coleridge came out upon it well. He elaborated, illustrated, or speculated.—*Jerreld's News.*

The Shakespeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland form a curious, if not very edifying passage in the literary history of the last century. An imposture on a grander scale was never conceived or executed; and perhaps we may add, with all respect to the learned celebrities who were deceived by it, that dupes more easily satisfied, more credulous and unsuspecting, were never met with. It must be admitted that a very opportune period was chosen for the imposture; and, taking into consideration the youth of the individual by whom it was perpetrated—that he had not at the time attained his twentieth year—it must also be confessed that it was carried out with considerable cleverness and ingenuity.

William Henry Ireland was the son of a gentleman, who is known as the author of several Picturesque Tours, and some illustrations of Hogarth—a man of considerable taste, and an ardent admirer of Shakespeare. He had been articled to an attorney, and having daily opportunities of inspecting ancient deeds and writings, he seems to have acquired his leisure, first, in deciphering, and afterwards in copying and imitating them. Possessed of this dangerous talent, his father's reverence for the great English dramatist, and his own ambition for distinction, suggested to his mind the daring scheme of imposture by which he has rendered himself remarkable.

From an attentive examination of the authentic signatures of Shakespeare, he soon learned to imitate the character of his handwriting with facility, and from time to time presented his father with scraps of manuscript, to account for the possession of which he invented a most romantic and improbable story. One of the earliest of these forgeries was "Shakespeare's Profession of Faith," a document intended to prove that the great dramatist was a Protestant. The papers were soon shown to many learned individuals. Among others, they were inspected by Dr. Parr, and young Ireland could hardly repress his feelings of exultation when he heard that great man say to his father, in his presence, "Mr. Ireland, we have many fine things in our Church service, and our Litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man has distanced us all!"

For a long time Ireland made almost daily additions to his pretended discoveries. Was it possible that his father had no suspicion of their origin, and was he entirely deceived by the monstrous assertions of his clever, but unprincipled son? The appearance of the manuscript went far to prove their genuineness. The color of the ink—the water-marks in the paper, deinked—the eye of the most practiced antiquaries. The precious relics were regarded with reverence and almost superstitious awe.

Mr. Bowden, a gentleman of great dramatic taste, in a pamphlet written at a subsequent period to expose the fraud, was not ashamed to confess that "the first beheld the papers with a tremor of the purest delight, touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dearer, as it gave him so refined a satisfaction." A number of literary gentlemen and patrons of literature met at Mr. Ireland's house, and voluntarily subscribed their names to the following document:—"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and by the favor of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakespeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." Among the signatories are those of Dr. Parr, Herbert, Croft, Dr. Valpy, Henry James Pyle, (poetaster), and Jas. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. It is further stated that Mr. Boswell, previous to signing his name, fell upon his knees, and, in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery, and exclaimed that he could now die in peace.

One of the ablest critics of the day, however, remained unconvinced. This was Mr. Malone, the ingenious and indefatigable editor of Shakespeare, who professed from the first a contemptuous disbelief in the so-called "discoveries," but intimated that he would not deign to notice them till they had been made public. He kept his word. When the famous documents were published, he addressed a letter to Lord Charlemont, in which he satisfactorily proved and exposed the fraud. It is rather amusing to find the great English advocate, Erskine, a devotee admirer and diligent reader of Shakespeare, and whose course of study and practice at the bar must have made him thoroughly conversant with all the rules of evidence, thus expressing himself with regard to these papers, and Mr. Malone's incredulity. "I went to-day to Ireland's from curiosity, and having heard from several quarters that the new Shakespeare was a forgery, and having seen an advertisement from Malone on the subject, all I can say is, I am glad I am not the man who has undertaken to prove Mr. Malone's proposition; for I think I never saw such a body of evidence in my life to support the authenticity of any matter which rests upon high authority. I am quite sure a man would be laughed out of an English court of justice who attempted to maintain Malone's opinion in the teeth of every rule of probability acknowledged for ages as the standard for investigating truth."

Believing himself possessed of a most invaluable treasure—in spite of the protestations of his son, who dreaded and foresaw the exposure of the fraud—Mr. Sam'l. Ireland determined on publishing the "discoveries," and in the year 1796 printed a large proportion of them in fine folio volume, under the title of "Miscellaneous papers and legal instruments under hand and seal of William Shakespeare, including the tragedy of King Lear, &c., in the possession of Samuel Ireland." A very slight examination of this volume would, it has been thought, have shown the transparency of the fraud. The orthography adopted by Ireland was ludicrously inaccurate.—The redundancy of consonants in nearly every word had a very grotesque appearance, and was by no means characteristic of the age of Shakespeare. Thus for "one gentleman," the orthography was "owne gentlemanne." Although Shakespeare had "little Latin," he would never have committed the blunder of "Gloster's exite," (for exit.) The concluding lines of Lear's denunciation of his daughter—

"That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child;"

were thus distorted:

"thatto she maye
Knowe sharpe and lyke a serpentes toothe it is
to have a thanklesse childe."

Without wishing unnecessarily, to multiply examples of this ridiculous orthography, we will quote the title of King Lear, as it appears in the volume: "The Tragedye of Kyngo Leare isse fromme Masterre Holinsheade. I have in somme lytle departedde fromme hymne, butte thattoe libbertye wyll note, I truste, be blamebde bye mye gentile readeres."—"Gentle readers," we need not remind our readers, were not appealed to by the dramatists of Shakespeare's time, whose great object was to prevent their works from being printed, and thus getting into the hands of rival companies.

The mode in which Ireland accounted for the possession of the manuscript of Lear and other treasures is so curious, (perhaps the proper word would be impudent,) that we cannot help referring to it. He drew up a deed, in which he represented Shakespeare bequeathing them to one of his ancestors, an intimate friend of the poet, in acknowledgment of a special service he had rendered him. Divested of its grotesque orthography, the document, after the usual preamble, runs thus:

"Whereas, on or about the 3d day of the last month of August, having with my good

friend Master William Henry Ireland and others, taken boat near unto my house aforesaid, we did propose going up the Thames, but those that were so to conduct us being much too merry through liquor, they did upset our aforesaid barge. All for though the water was deep, yet our family for them knowing the aforesaid art, Master Ireland not seeing me did ask for me, but one of the company did answer that I was drowning; on the which he pulled off his jorkin and jumped in after me. With much pains he dragged me forth, I being then nearly dead, and so he did save my life; and for the which service I do hereby give him as followeth: first, my written playe of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, King John, King Lear, as also my written play never printed, which I have named King Henry the Third," &c.

One would think that to have believed all this required a greater degree of credulity than usually falls to the lot of critics. An original letter, purporting to have been written to Shakespeare by Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery almost equally daring. We print it as it appears in the volume:

"We didde receive your prettye verses goodde Masterre William through the hands of our Lorde Chamberlayne ande we doo complemente thee onne theye great excellencie We shall departe fromme London to Hamptonne for the holidays where we shalle expecte thee with thy beste actors thattoe thou mayste playe before ourselve to amuse usse be not slowe butte come to usse bye Tuesdaye next asse the lorde Leicesterre will be with usse."

"Thys lettere I dydde receyvee fromme mye moste gracyouse Ladye Elizabeth ande I doe requeste itte maye be kepte with alloe care possible."

"Wm. SHAKESPEARE."

Amongst the papers, also, was an amatory epistle to Anne "Hachereaway," in which was enclosed a lock of the poet's hair. The letter is not long, but its affect ed grandiloquence is rather amusing. "I pray you," it commences, "perfume this my poor lock with thy balmy kisses, for then indeed shall kings themselves bow and pay homage to it. I do assure thee that no ruse hand hath knotted it; thy Willy's alone hath done the work. Neither the gilded bauble that environs the head of majesty, no, nor honors most weighty, would give me half the joy as did this, my little work for thee." There is also a paper of verses, inscribed to the same lady; the style of which, as will appear from a short specimen, is not quite worthy Shakespeare:

"Is there in heaven ought more rare
Than thou sweetest nymph of Avoa fair!
Is there on earth a man more true,
Than Willy Shakespeare is to you?"

The last document we shall notice, is a "Deed of trust to John Hemmings," drawn up by Shakespeare himself, who states in the preamble, as a reason for being his own attorney, that he has "found much wickedness among those of the law, and does not like 'to leave matters at their will.'"

The most daring part of the imposture, however, remains to be told. On the 2d of April, 1796, the play of *Vortigern* and *Roseana*, "from the pen of Shakespeare," was announced for representation at Drury Lane Theatre. Public excitement was at its height. As the evening approached, every avenue to the theatre was thronged with anxious crowds, eager to obtain admission. When the doors were opened, there was a furious rush, and thousands, it is said, were turned disappointed away. The play had been put on the stage without exampled care. Mr. Kemble himself sustained the part of Vortigern. The imposture, however, was too palpable to deceive an intelligent audience, as will appear by the following characteristic account of the performance, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 4th of April:—"The first act in every line of it spoke itself a palpable forgery; but it was heard with candor. The second and third grew more intolerable; thus 'bad began, but ended badly.' In the fourth, 'rude murmurs, like the hollow-sounding surge, broke loudly forth.' In the fifth act, the opposition became seriously angry, and on Mr. Kemble repeating the significant line—

"I would this solemn mockery were o'er!"

he was not allowed to proceed for several minutes." An attempt was made to announce the play for repetition, but the unanimous voice of the public having pronounced the imposture, it was wisely withdrawn.

The failure of *Vortigern* was a death-blow to the fraud; but it must occasion no slight surprise that such a barefaced forgery should have succeeded so far. Without possessing the genius of Catton, it cannot be denied that Ireland exhibited a large amount of misdirected ingenuity. At the time of the completion of *Vortigern*, he was only nineteen. The play was written and transcribed in secret, and at stolen intervals; and if we may take his own word, "as appeared in public at the same time as much as he could, in order to make the world believe he was a giddy, thoughtless youth, incapable of producing the play." The closing scene of the comedy—for so we may style the whole affair—may be readily anticipated. Gratiified by the notoriety he had acquired, Ireland was easily induced to publish a full and free confession of his fraud. He hastened to take upon himself the whole responsibility, and anxiously endeavored to expiate his father from any participation in the imposture. It must be confessed that circumstances seemed to warrant the suspicion that father and son were equally implicated, and even the latter's solemn declaration to the contrary, could not remove the impression that had been made on the public mind.

Mr. Samuel Ireland died in the year 1800, and it has been asserted that his days were shortened by the exposure of the shameful fraud of which he had been made the dupe. The son subsequently published in his own name many plays, novels and poems, which are now almost forgotten. His death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as having taken place on the 15th of April, 1835; and it may be further stated, that he carried with him to his grave, the significant sobriquet of Shakespeare Ireland.

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a help-mate, but an incumbrance.

A very superficial young man observed in the presence of the learned Dr. Parr, that he "never believed anything he could not understand."

"Then yours must be a remarkably short creed," observed the Doctor.